

NOTORIOUS FRAUD
DR. [?] POWELL REEVES * * *

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TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS:

Look out for the Notorious Fraud, Dr. [?] Powell Reeves.

DR. POWELL REEVES, ALIAS, VANMONCISCAR, ALIAS LABEN P. REEVES, ALIAS P. L. REEVES, ALIAS L. P. REEVES, NOW IN DALLAS. This notorious, ignorant pretender of many names according to the *Omaha Bee* and *Oregon Times*, is a fraud of the first water. In our investigations of the history of this fellow we find that even in Dallas he is registered under two different names. But this is insignificant compared to his methods for obtaining money from victims by guaranteeing cures, even when the patients are in the very jaws of death. Reeves, through his false pretensions, was called to see Mr. Joseph Putz of this city, who was dying by inches with cancer of the stomach and who had been given up by his family physician. Reeves had the barefaced unmitigated gall to assure this old and highly respected citizen that he could cure him. So persistent and strong were Reeves' assurances that he could cure Mr. Putz that the latter was induced to pay him \$20 in cash and give him a note of \$280, due in one year; which note Reeves at once attempted to sell. Henry Putz, a son of the patient, disliking to see his father's note offered for sale by such a man under such circumstances, paid Reeves \$240 more; making in all \$260 cash. In a few days the old gentleman died; and now, Reeves, notwithstanding he "guaranteed a cure," as many will swear, still he holds the \$260. Reeves had just as well so far as fairness and justice goes, have stolen this \$260 from this poor dying man. Reeves is still in Dallas fleecing victims, we learn, to the tune of \$50 a day. He has not, nor will he, while here, cure any one. We are in full possession of Reeves' record, which, unless it becomes absolutely necessary, will not be allowed to stain our clean pages with the slime of its dirty details.

In his flaming advertisement Reeves claims to be late of New York, but our history fails to trace him to or from there. We find where he has been at Omaha, Nebraska, under the name of Vanmonciscar, and at Portland, Oregon, at two different times, he was known as both Vanmonciscar and Powell Reeves. The diploma that Reeves registered is a bogus document. In one instance Reeves claimed to have "four diplomas," however, this statement is a quotation which he stole from Dr. Betts. Reeves is a man wholly destitute of medical education; and, for this reason, has stolen the thunder of others by inserting his name in reprints of the *verbatim* matter of other's writings. We warn every one to avoid Reeves; he is a monumental fraud who is wholly destitute of either medical knowledge or honesty. We know whereof we speak.

Stand up, Reeves, and answer these questions. Reeves, what did you change your name for? What did you say you had "four diplomas" for? Say Reeves, don't you know it is wrong to lie? Reeves, tell us how it feels to have to leave town in a box car between two suns? Reeves, when did

you quit the horse training business and take to medicine? Reeves, are you intending to beat the newspapers and printers here as you have done at other places? Reeves, (if this is your right name) how can you look an honest man in the face? Reeves, you know you are an ignoramus—we can prove this by your own self. Say, Vanmonciscar, (if this is another one of your names) what did you steal Betts' book for; don't you know it is wrong to steal? Reeves, you ought to read the Ten Commandments. Reeves, don't you think you had better return to your former profession and change your name back to "Bill Dobbs, the horse trainer?" Reeves, ("Laban," this time) we are "onto you." You will "sue" us, will you; like you did the Times at Portland, Oregon, eh? Well, you will come out like you did in Portland—skip the town.

Now, (Dr.?) Powell Reeves, alias Vanmonciscar, alias Laban P. Reeves, etc., etc., we can prove by your own self that you haven't sense enough to write a prescription called out to you by a disinterested party; and you can select the party, and us the prescription. We *dare you* to accept this challenge! If you are an educated physician you will accept this proposition, and save—if you have any—your reputation. If not, you will cringe from such an offer as you have done before. Reeves, don't you know that even your side whiskers can't cover up and hide you long donkey ears? Come, Vanmonciscar, alias one of the Reeves family, that would be your treatment for dislocation of the umbilical bone? Reeves, don't you know that in telling Mr. Putz that you could cure him that you showed yourself to be either a fool or dishonest scoundrel? Reeves, are you willing for the public to know how you got the money you are now splurging around in Dallas on? Say, Bill Dobbs, alias Laban P. Reeves, alias L. P. Reeves, alias Powell Reeves, is it possible that you daily break all of the Ten Commandments? Have you not a drop of honest blood inside of your worthless carcass? "Sue" us, Reeves, if you think you can slobber over and defraud our honest citizens and defy us from showing you up as the most notorious humbug that ever breathed American atmosphere. Your bluffs will not save you. We are able to prove, in open court, that you are notoriously guilty of every thing of which we charge you—besides many other nasty things, showing you to be depraved beyond all redemption. Now, Reeves, the best thing you can do is to get a cheap Chinaman to kick you out of town. Reeves, what do you suppose some of our good citizens, into whose society you have hoisted yourself by barefaced pretensions, will think when they read this? But, Reeves, you won't kick—you can't *afford* to do so!

In conclusion, we ask that the medical profession throughout the broad land, and the press generally, who have honesty, truth and common decency, to inform the public that Powell Reeves, alias Vanmonciscar, alias Laban P. Reeves, or any other name by which he may go, is a consummate and notorious fraud—that he is simply a big, arrogant *nobody*—that he is not a physician, recognized by any medical school in this or any other country. Pass him around, and you will save many a poor victim from being fleeced of their hard-earned dollars. You will know this fellow by his picture which represents him to be a cross between a bull-dog and a jackass.

Since the above was in type Mr. Henry Putz went to Reeves and demanded back the money he had beaten his poor old dead father out of. Reeves paid back \$150.00 of the money; thus admitting that he had willfully defrauded Mr. Joseph Putz. But for lack of space we would here give many samples of Reeves' literary attainment. Let one suffice. A gentleman from a certain town in Texas wrote Reeves that he was going to marry and having some slight private trouble desired it cured. Whereupon Reeves sent him a package of stuff by express, C. O. D. \$85.00. The gentleman refused to pay this outrageous price, since it was at least \$75.00 too much. Dr. (?) Reeves, alias Laban VanMonciscar, etc., writes the gentleman urging him to take the stuff. We give below the letter *verbatim*, as written by Reeves, which is as follows:

"Sirs Why dont you take (sic) yor P K S out of the Ex Pre office and get Well don't daly to long I sent medicin that yo need and I hold yore letters asking for som in Haste. on act of mereing at once and use it so you will be right

Yours with Respet

D P Reeves."

From this it is seen that Reeves can't spell a word of two letters. Too is spelled "to," delay "daly," marrying "mereing," your "yore," etc. He places a period in the middle of a sentence; as well also as capitals. Further comment is unnecessary—he knocks the Queen's English sky high. Let all good people who love the good, true and cultured avoid this fellow as they would a viper. We have thus gone to great expense in order that merit may mount above the smoke and thunder of such an arrogant and false pretender. In doing this our sole object is to do good, by saving the poor, ignorant and afflicted from being bodily robbed by this fellow Reeves. We appeal to the medical profession and an intelligent, kind-hearted public to stand by us in our humane work in exterminating such fiendish frauds.

We give below two articles taken from the Portland Times, published at Portland, Oregon; which also contains an expose by the Omaha Bee. Read it and see for yourself the character of man Reeves is. The paper containing this merciless, but just exposure, was published last October.

DOC. REEVES.

Here is a Sample of His Truth and
Veracity.

CALLS IT A BLACKMAIL.

Assuming an Air of Injured Innocence to Create Sympathy. Why
Don't He Pay His Honest Debts?

Doc. Reeves, in a half column advertisement in the *Oregonian*, which it is safe to assume he was compelled to pay for in advance at 20c. a line has the following to say relative to the *Times'* attack on medical quacks last week:

"On or about the first of August last Nat. L. Baker came to my office and made a demand on me for \$50, and made the statement to me then and at that time that if I did not give him the money that he would make use of his paper to "burn me up" and "run me out of the city." Previous to that time I had advertised with him quite extensively, but learning the character of the paper and the reputation that it bore, I discontinued the advertisement. I informed Mr. N. L. Baker right then and there that not one dollar could he extract from me through threats of that character. Previous to this time Nat. L. Baker had been a daily visitor to my office professing the most devoted friendship, and all went merry as a marriage bell until I withdrew my advertisement from the paper."

To answer him in brief, when "Doc" Reeves, as he calls himself, states that Nathan L. Baker called and made a demand on him for \$50, then "Doc" Reeves, as he calls himself, is a dirty liar. It is not necessary, however, for the times to brand him as a liar. Reeves saved us of that trouble long ago. Mention merely is made of his statement of attempted blackmail, to show the old dodge he adopted. The idea of blackmailing Reeves, is rich indeed. Imagine the difficulty that would be experienced in blackmailing a man who claims to be an honest physician, and yet who signs himself Dr. VanMonciscar one day, and Dr. Reeves the next.

Doc. Reeves, this office never made a demand on you for money. It would not be that big a fool. From the simple reason that you do not pay your honest debts. You owe papers in this city to-day for advertising. You owe the express company, and they will not take your packages from you unless you pre-pay. You owe the Davenport Iowa *Times* \$85. You owe job printers. Besides this, during the past two weeks you have been trying to sell out to other physicians by telling them that you were making money hand over fist, and men to whom you owed money you have stated that you were hard up and could not pay. You have "bled" patients, and one of your own attaches stated he helped you out of town in a box car. Further than this the editor of this paper has been told that one of your assistants has composed a song to be sung while going from one town to another, the last three lines of which runs thiswise:

We take their cash,
We give them our trash,
We give them the grand razoo!

As to you advertising in this paper, let us relate the facts as they exist.

You advertised in the *Times* and you paid your bills. You paid your bills because you had to. It is rumored that the *Oregonian* has so poor respect for your desire to pay up, that they charge you cash in advance. The *Times* notified you again and again that you were no good as an advertiser, and that if you used its columns it would be on a cash basis. Three different times has the editor of this paper notified you that he would not advertise you because he did not think he was doing justice by his readers, and at each of those times you have assured him that you had an A No. 1 physician to prescribe for patients for you, and that your business was done on the square.

You were distinctly told two week ago that the *Times* would not continue your advertisement longer at any price. In the mean time you learned that this paper intended to expose you. You thereupon sent a man to this office with a twenty dollar gold piece in his hand, to see if we would not accept it in payment for an advertisement, cash in advance. We took from that \$20 the \$10 that you owed us up to October 1st, and you have a receipt for it, thus proving that when you stated we went to your office on August 1st to demand money or new advertising, that you lied. However there is nothing strange in your lying, because you are a natural liar, a cowardly whelp and the truth has no virtue for you.

In Dr. Powell Reeves VanMonciscar's screed to the "*Oregonian*" written for him by one who was a cloak to cover the glaring and projecting ignorance of the so called doctor says: "I have been a graduate for many years of a college of medicine chartered under the laws of the state of Ohio, of the Eclectic school." This is very vague. It has the shambling gait of a fellow drunk on falsehood approaching the piercing presence of truth. Why did you not give the name of the college Dr.? Why not mention the year of your so called graduation? Why did you not mention under what name you graduated? Whether that of Powell Reeves, VanMonciscar or Bill Dubbs, the horse trainer? This evasive statement of the Doctor required darning so in a brief item of the same issue he states that he graduated from the Eclectic college of Cin-

cinnati in 1879. Well, the Eclectic college at that period was a fraud. Its diploma could be purchased for \$25. It was a "fake" college, as the reader will see further on in a lengthy excerpt from the Omaha Bee, which eases its mind quite liberally of this bogus doctor and his career. This diploma has been seen. It is not awarded to Powell Reeves but to Laban P. Reeves. So here another alias pops up. He was Laban P. Reeves when he procured this alleged diploma? about as useful as a credential as a tanned monkey skin then three years ago in this good city of Portland he was known far and wide as Dr. Van-Monciscar and now he trumpets himself as Dr. Powell Beeves, so that we will soon get back far enough in his history, where he stands on a dung hill by a square opening in a country barn, pitchfork in hand and known perhaps as Bill Dobbs, the horse trainer.

The Doctor (?) says in the pamphlet which he sells for 25 cents, and which he stole from Dr. Betts' book to be reprinted at Festner's job printing house in Omaha, only substituting Powell Reeves' name for Betts', that he has been practicing medicine for twenty-five years, yet his alleged diploma from a snide college, the only piece of apparently professional sheep skin he claims to possess, records that he received it in 1879, or ten years ago. Here is a lie, a brazen falsehood which leaves a gap of fifteen years to be accounted for. Here's where the quack spits tobacco juice in the custard and unconsciously partakes of it himself. Trained as he is in the basest arts of deceit, baiting his traps with falsehoods to gull the unwary, his life, his names, his advertisements, all monumental lies, he convicts himself of a lie under one of his aliases, a lie fifteen years in length!

There is a mathematical vengeance in truth, when it peers into Reeves' professional record as written even by himself. In observing the difficulties in lying you recall those tender lines, Reeves, of the Skookum Chuck poet recited to you by him, as you were probably pouring down his throat some of your wonderful Epluribus Shanghi:

"It's easy enough to milk a cow
If you know how and have got to,
But unless you've happened to learn just how,
It's very much easier not to!"

In Reeves' stowaway letter to the Oregonian he whines in several places about my "brother physicians." "Brother physicians" quotha! What was it the pompos little thertrical supe exclaimed in a tragic voice when he heard of the death of Edwin Forest? "another one of us gone!" proudly shrieked the littla supe!

"Brother physician" forsooth. Why look here Reeves. You are not recognized as a physician by any physician in this city. There is not a reputable physician, who if he saw you in a sick room would enter it as long as you were there. He would bow himself out, murmuring a prayer for the delivery of the patient and for mankind in general from such frauds as you! There is not a self-respecting physician in this city, who if he was by chance to be seen with you on the streets, but would feel that it was unprofessional conduct, and would go back to his office and hire a cheap Chinaman to kick the microbes of quackery off his person, acquired by contact with Dr. VanMonciscar, alias Laban P. Reeves, alias Powell Reeves.

By the way, Reeves, in your treatment of cholera infantum, in prescribing cucumbers, do you regard them as fruit, fish or curios?

And in extracting corns from the liver, pray tell us, do you use a buzz saw, or a der-rick, or both?

What is your treatment, Reeves, in cases of prolapsus pro bono publico, "where other physicians fail to cure," etc?

And in most cases, would not the same treatment hermaphroditically administered by one of your patent skugees apply beneficially in handling such decimating diseases as mulligrub anno mundi?

Another question, and we must have an answer, Reeves. The life of our office cat is at stake—and we want it to die. As your catarrh advertisement read, "don't hawk, spit or cough any longer!" but answer this question, Reeves: Would not your treatment of that epidemic common to non-voting Africans in Mississippi, known in your medical books as gysticuitis modus vivendi, and which has the endorsement of so many undertakers throughout the country, clear our root of this infernal cat and cause it to die sort of sudden as it were? Or would you prescribe that we pound up a speculum in a mortar and throw its contents at the infernal feline?

And to close this catechism of inquiry which only learned folks like Reeves and ourself

comprehend, we put this final question to Reeves after the manner of "physician heal thyself." It is this:

In your bogus twenty-five years practice, Reeves, is there not in the whole wide range of pharmacy, some drug or lotion, some pill or poultice which could cause the smallest corpuscle of honest red blood to well up from your heart, sit on your cheek and mantle it with a blush?

Dr. VanMonciscar, alias Laban Reeves, alias Powell Reeves, you have entered suit against us for libel, and you want \$10,000. You will never bring this suit to a conclusion. It will not be a "fight to a finish." It is a bluff and a fake. Dollars to doughnuts you are not in Portland when the case is called. We will bet \$50 that you dare not go into court, because out of your own mouth we will convict you! You shall be our witness, our champion against your own self! You dare not take the witness stand. Five minutes cross examination of your names and your career would show you up only too plainly. Five minutes examination of your pretended knowledge of medicine and its practice, would make a jury of twelve men ache to throw you through the court room window.

Dr. VanMonciscar, alias Laban P. Reeves, alias Powell Reeves, here is a telegram showing how a U. S. grand jury handles frauds and doctors with aliases like you in the land of steady habits. U. S. grand juries meet here also:

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 9.—The grand jury of the U. S. circuit court to-day returned indictments against Dr. H. F. Bradbury, of Nashua, of bogus diploma fame, for using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and for using a fictitious name for the purpose of procuring, aiding or abetting fraud.

We now append what the Omaha Bee had to say of Dr. Laban Van Reeves Monciscar Powell. It is rich literature, while after dissecting the humbug, it tosses the fragments away like a shrivelled corn plaster from a subdued toe.

Says the Omaha Bee:

There is in the city of Omaha an alleged doctor whose ways are peculiar and mysterious, but by no means past finding out. He runs a so-called private dispensary, and advertises far and wide to cure nearly every disease with which the human system is afflicted. As a consequence he has a large number of victims of misplaced confidence. This man is "Dr." Powell Reeves. Information has been received in this city from time to time from various parties in different localities showing him to be a fraud in several particulars. He has "practiced" in various parts of the country, and has made a record that is not altogether spotless. It was only a few years ago that he was located in Portland, Oregon, where he sailed under the name of "Dr." VanMonciscar, "the well-known specialist." His Portland circulars bear the same picture of himself as his Omaha circulars, advertisements and books. There is no mistaking the identity of the man. Comparison of the pictures and the circulars prove that "Dr." Vanmonciscar, of Portland is "Dr." Powell Reeves of Omaha. If he were an honest doctor it seems strange that he should change his name upon locating in Omaha. If he were a "well-known specialist" on the Pacific coast, would it not naturally follow that he would want to carry with him his good name and reputation if he had any?

"Dr." Powell Reeves also practiced in San Francisco, but in that city he employed a young doctor named Roberts in whose name he carried on the business. So writes a reputable physician of New Orleans.

Quite recently Dr. Powell Reeves, alias "Dr." Vanmonciscar, has had printed in Omaha a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, treating of the various diseases which he claims he can cure. This pamphlet, entitled "Facts for the Sick," is stolen bodily from a similar book, with the same title, issued by Dr. W. H. Betts, a physician and well-known specialist of New Orleans. The title page, table of contents, the heads of the subdivisions, and the reading matter throughout are identically the same in both pamphlets, with a very few exceptions. One of these exceptions is that Reeves inserts his own name in place of Betts. When he took Betts' book to Festener's printing establishment he gave orders to have it reproduced as nearly as possible, and to insert the name of Reeves instead of Betts, in this style, "By Dr. P. L. Reeves, consulting physician of the Private Dispensary." To prove that "Dr." Reeves is a fraud—at least

A LITERARY PIRATE,

It is only necessary to compare the Omaha and New Orleans pamphlets. For instance on page 12, in Dr. Betts' book, occurs the following passage: "Four diplomas certify to my

qualification in medicine and surgery, and twenty-five years experience and extensive practice in England, France and America, affording unusual opportunities for the investigation of disease and the search for remedies, has enabled me to succeed in many instances where eminent practitioners have failed."

Now is it not a singular and striking coincidence that this same passage, word for word, appears on page 12 of "Dr." Reeves' pamphlets? Such is the fact however. The Bee ventures to assert that "Dr." Reeves can't show four diplomas from reputable colleges, and that he will not swear that he has had twenty-five years' experience in England, France and America. If he can show a diploma from one regular medical college in good standing, he is in big luck. In his circulars he claims that he is a graduate of a regular medical college. It is understood that he refers to the American Eclectic college of Cincinnati. If that is the case he hasn't much medical culture to brag of.

"You can get a diploma from that college in six weeks," said one of Omaha's leading doctors.

Another doctor said: "The American Eclectic college of Cincinnati was, prior to 1880, considered a bogus institution, and its diploma was not recognized by any state board of health. The diplomas granted before 1880 were simply bought, but I understand that since then the college has been reorganized. I have been told that the dean of the faculty made affidavit that Reeves is not a graduate of that college. The affidavit was sent to a certain lawyer of this city."

The lawyer referred to above was asked if the statement of the doctor was true, and he replied as follows:

"The dean of the faculty of the American Eclectic college of Cincinnati, learning that Powell Reeves was

A PRACTICING PHYSICIAN

In Omaha, and pretending to be such by virtue of a diploma from that institution, sent on an affidavit stating, among other things, that at the date of his pretended diploma the college was not recognized among the State boards of health of the country.

To use an Indian expression, it looks very much as if he is "bad medicine." Dr. Betts, of New Orleans, who is very indignant at Reeves for pirating his book, writes of him as follows: "He knows nothing of medicine. He has a diploma purchased from Buchanan. What sort of a medical law have you in Nebraska to allow such a fraud to practice medicine?"—Portland (Oregon) *Times*.

\$10,000! WHEW!

Doc Reeves Wants \$10,000 Damage From the Times.

L. Powell Reeves, whoever that man may be, has begun action in the circuit court for \$10,000 damage which he desires to collect from the editor of this paper, we having injured his reputation, he says, that much. We will knock that case into a cocked hat the first clip, and use nothing but his own article from the editor the Oregonian wherein he intimated that the TIMES is not even a fit paper to have influence.

However, Reeves did a first-class thing to start this suit, for it will be worth \$10,000 to his reputation if he gets a judgement even for six bits.

In order to give him still greater cause of action the Times states openly, right now as a fact, that Dr. Powell Reeves, as he calls himself—(we can prove that is not his name)—cannot write six latin prescriptions given to him by three disinterested physicians of this city to save his side whiskers or his old wood cuts of himself when he passed in this city three years ago as Dr. VanMonciscar.

Reeves you are a fraud and a literary thief, and we can prove it. All we ask is a little time to get our evidence together and the court will give us a square show to do that. That is what the courts are for. Courts are established to give people justice, and if we do not prove to the satisfaction of that court as well as to the satisfaction of every man woman and child in this city that you are a dirty fraud, we will agree to walk out of Portland barefooted. We will prove some other things, too, before we get through.

If you think you can come to this city and dish medicine down the throat of an honest people, claiming to be a physician, when Dr. Betts, the great New Orleans specialist says you bought a diploma of Buchanan the great diploma seller who grew so crazy over the number of people his action killed that he deliberately jumped off the Jersey Ferry and his bones were swept out to sea, then sir, you are mistaken.

You have started your suit for \$10,000. We will go to the people and to the courts on that issue. We say you are a fraud, a bilk, a dishonest man, AND WE CAN PROVE IT!

And you shall be the witness by whom we will prove it!

This is a plain proposition and the Times trusts that every citizen of this state will closely watch this case. If what we have stated about this man Reeves is unfounded, if it is not true, then we have stated libel sufficient to send us to prison. If what we have stated is true, then the proper place for Doc Reeves—VanMonciscar is behind prison walls.—Portland (Oregon) *Times*.